

The Highland
1916



Greetings

Greetings to one, to whom this book shall come through your interest in our school and class. May you find as much pleasure between the folders of The Highland as we found in the work in making it.



HUGH D. HERR, *Principal*

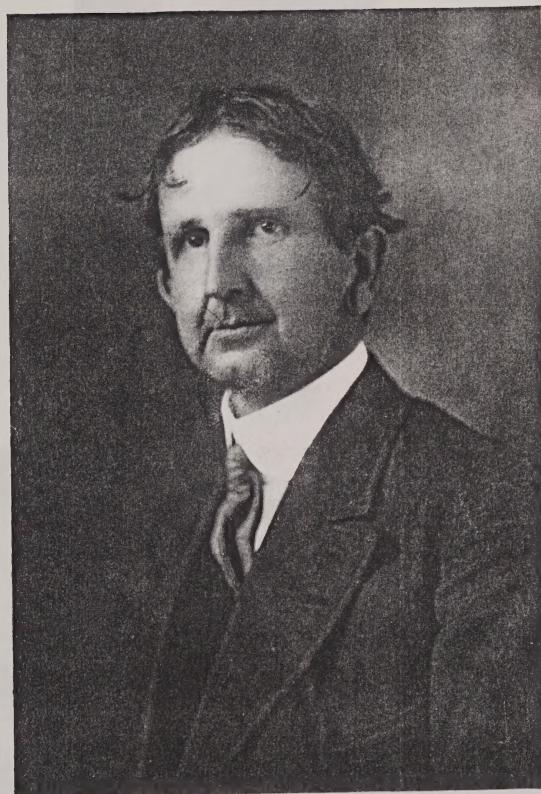
Dedication

*As an expression of our appreciation for the benefit to our class, and for his work in past years towards raising our school to its present standard, we faithfully dedicate this, the first issue of our annual, *The Highland*, to*

MR. HUGH D. HITE

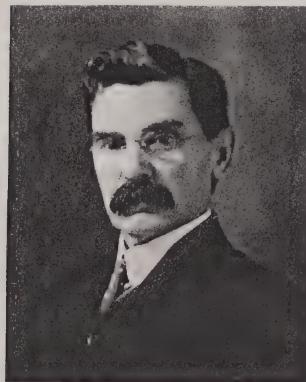
*Principal Luray Normal
Training High School*

March of Progress



JOHN H. BOOTON, *Superintendent*

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C. J. HUDSON



R. H. PITTMAN



EMMET RANKIN

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History



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Study Hall



ADELINE E. EYE
Reading—Arithmetic



BESSIE BUMGARDNER CAMP-
BELL
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BESSIE BLACKWELL CAMPBELL
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EDITH BROWN KOONTZ
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ISA MCKAY COMPTON
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*Editor Jokes and
Grinds*



EDWARD LAUCK
*Assistant Literary
Editor*



ELMIRA SHENK
*Assistant Editor Jokes
Editor*



FRED COOK
*Assistant Picture
and Grinds*



Senior Class

Motto: Not finished, just begun

Color: Orange and Black *Flower:* Black-eyed Susan

President.....J. W. BATMAN
Vice President.....MARY M. MILLER
Secretary and Treasurer.....G. OLIVE BRADLEY



JAMES WILLIAM BATMAN

"Anything worth having is worth working for."

President Junior School Improvement League, '14-'15; President Literary Society, '15-'16; Captain Baseball team, '12-'16; President Senior Class, '15-'16; Editor-in-Chief of The Highland, '15-'16.

FRANCIS WILLIAM BERRY, JR.

"Man thinks, and at once becomes the master of the beings that do not think."

President of Senior Class, '12-'14; President of Literary Society, '13-'14; Secretary and Treasurer of the Athletic Association, '13-'14; Manager of Baseball team, '14-'16; School Declaimer, '14-'15; Class Prophet, '15-'16.





OLIVE GENEVIEVE BRADLEY

"There's language in her eyes, her cheeks, her lips."

Secretary and Treasurer of Senior Class, '15-'16; Alumni Editor, '15-'16.

WILLIAM HOUCK BURACKER

"Fine manners are like personal beauty — a letter of credit everywhere."

President of Athletic Association, '13-'16; Vice President Junior School Improvement, '15-'16; Vice President Class, '14-'15; Reporter Literary Society, '13-'14; Treasurer Tennis Club, '15-'16; Business Manager of The Highland, '15-'16; Valedictorian of the Class, '15-'16.





CHRISTINE CHARLOTTE CAMPBELL

"The word 'rest' is not in my vocabulary."

Pianist for Class, '13-'16; Secretary and Treasurer of Class, '13-'15; Editor of Clubs, '15-'16; Class Poet, '15-'16.

LEO HALSY HOAK

*"If thou desirest to be held wise,
be so wise as to hold your tongue."*

Picture Editor, '15-'16; President of Literary Society, '15-'16; Salutatorian of the Class, '15-'16.





CLEO VIRGINIA MILLER

*"A sunny temper gilds the edges
of life's blackest cloud."*

Editor of Jokes and Grinds, '15-'16;
Writer of Class Will, '15-'16.

GEORGE GUY MILLER

"The greatest truths are the simplest, so are the greatest men."

Editor of Athletics, '15-'16; Assistant Manager of Baseball, '15-'16; Captain Track team, '15-'16; Winner of Shakespearian Medal, 1916.





MARY MARGARET MILLER

"Beauty is at once the ultimate principle and highest aim of art."

Secretary and Treasurer of Literary Society, '15-'16; Captain of Basket Ball, '14-'15; Treasurer of Improvement League, '15-'16; Vice President Senior Class, '15-'16; President of Art Club, '15-'16.

DALTON BEVERLEY PITTMAN

"A laugh is worth a hundred groans in any market."

Reporter of Class, '13-'16; President of Literary Society, '14-'15; Secretary and Treasurer of Athletic Association, '15-'16; Vice President of Literary Society, '15-'16; Assistant Business Manager of The Highland, '15-'16; Historian, '15-'16.



Class Poem

It was one bright September morning not so very long ago,
That twenty eager Freshies were waiting for the bell,
To begin their course of study, to reach a certain goal,
And now that we've attained it, we are here to say farewell.

We felt honored, proud, and happy — we were high school folk,
you see,
Humble freshmen that we were — none the less,
For the starting point seemed distant, and the goal almost in sight,
Now that we could take our stand for Luray High School.

Through the trials and the hardships none but pupils ever know,
Through a maze which teachers only can invent,
We have passed, and from a summit which but lately seemed so far,
Comes a sigh that high school days so soon are spent.

We could ne'er forget our teachers who have tutored us so well,
Though at times it seems we scarce could bear the task they put
upon us,
Still our tongues their praises tell, of these we love so well,
And we thank them for the patience they have shown us.

And may you ne'er forget ten Seniors who have been with you so long,
Who realize their work is still unfinished —only just begun;
You've laid our first foundation to build our future on,
And may we show you later the victories we have won.

Now it seemed each step grew brighter as we struggled tow'rd the
goal,
Prospects opened up anew each passing day,
And though lessons heaped upon us gave us all we cared to do,
We have found our high school course a royal way.

Through it all we've stood together, as a faithful, loyal band;
Now at last we've reached the parting of the ways.
Fortunes will be cast hereafter in a different place for each,
Far removed from mutual friendship, help, and praise.

Let us ne'er forget our high school, wheresoever Fate may lead,
May she never loyal sons and daughters lack.
Let us thank her for her blessings in the midst of life's great toils,
Let us prove an honor to our Orange and Black.

CLASS POET

History of the Class of 1916

FRESHMAN YEAR

SEPT. 3, 1912.—Twenty very important fresh pupils arrive this morning at the doors of the L. H. S. building. The bell sounds and we freshies, feeling that we are needed in the school, file in as high school pupils. A list of books is given each, and many lose their freshness after seeing the course of study.

SEPT. 4.—The assignment of the lessons is given and it is with very dreary feelings that we think of the four years of hard work before us.

SEPT. 5.—The first lessons are recited, but from the looks of the teachers they were unsatisfactory.

OCT. 2.—The freshmen organize a class, electing a President, Vice-President, Secretary and Treasurer.

OCT. 22.—A class meeting is held, at which time the class colors of Orange and Black are selected, and several class yells decided upon.

NOV. 2, 3, 4.—First quarterly exams are held. The teachers seem to be pleased with the papers handed in, even if some did just make the passing mark.

JAN. 1, 1913.—The freshmen of 1912 again enter the L. H. S. ready for new conquests. In spite of the unkind suggestion of the Sophos as to our need of salt, we passed our exams, much to our surprise as well as to that of our teachers.

SOPHOMORE YEAR

SEPT., 1913.—Five have fallen by the wayside, but the rest of us stick together determined to uphold the dignity becoming to a Sophomore Class.

SEPT. 12.—The first meeting of the Sophomore Class is held, and officers are elected. The Black-eyed Susan is selected as a Class flower.

SEPT. 15-DEC. 20.—Between these dates we shall have established our originality in many ways. Our original Caesar translations have thrown the teacher into ecstacies of admiration; our originals in Geometry are the newest discoveries of the age.

JAN. 3, 1914.—After spending some real holidays, in which a Sophomore party met with much success, we again feel it our duty to our school to begin work.

MARCH 16.—We owe much to the Senior Class for the good time we had at their reception. Oh, that ice cream and cake! Those Seniors will be our friends forever.

MAY 25.—To think that the Sophomore year has been finished! Exams were with us, and We came, We saw, We conquered.

JUNIOR YEAR

SEPT. 7, 1914.—Only twelve members to compose the Junior Class of '14-'15! But, like the Spartans of old, what we lack in number, we make up in valor.

FEB. 22.—The Juniors entertain the Seniors.

MAY 15.—The Senior Class reception comes just in time to cheer us for exams. We break our own record of the previous year in eating ice cream and cake, and feel forever indebted to the kind Seniors.

MAY 26, 27, 28.—We are wishing that we had been less zealous members of the United Brotherhood of Loafers, but we are rejoicing over the fact that we have "passed."

SENIOR YEAR

SEPT. 6.—Ten members of the old Junior Class of last spring have kept the goal in sight. We feel smaller and our diploma looks larger than ever before.

SEPT. 22.—After a discussion of the pros and cons, it is decided that we undertake the publishing of a High School Annual, a strenuous task never before undertaken.

NOV. 4.—By the unanimous vote of the Class, it is decided that we present the School with a statue, and hope they will see fit to present us with diplomas at Commencement.

JAN. 18, 1916.—We begin teaching. The patrons pity the pupils, but the pity really belongs to us.

FEB. 14.—Oh, the dear Juniors. They gave us the nicest little party and the nicest little time we have had this year. How can we thank you, dear girls? (Oh, pardon us, we also owe much to the male member of the Class.)

MARCH 17.—The Senior Class entertains the High School. A good time for everyone.

MAY 1.—No marriages have been reported so far. Several are expected soon. Oh, you romantic girls!

MAY 16, 17, 18.—Final Exams. Extinguishers!

MAY 23.—Commencement Exercises.

MAY 27.—Our wonderful Class play is to be given tonight. The grand finale!

HISTORIAN

Class Prophecy



EATED in my library, reading, and indulging my thoughts in the rise and fall of empires, I became so tired that I fell asleep and began to dream. What I saw, or what I thought I saw is what I wish to relate, my friend. Having just finished reading of Darius and the rise and fall of the Persian Empire, I suppose my mind was filled with pictures of that time. At least I ceased to live at the present and wandered, as it were, mid the throngs of the past.

I was walking in a quaint little village, the streets of which were peopled with men and women wearing robes and sandals. Glancing up I saw something that caught my eyes; a picture of a perfect glass sphere placed upon a small table. Two men were looking intently in it, one of whom had the appearance of an old man, the other of a youth. Finally pulling my thoughts together, I remembered having read somewhere of crystal gazers. Thinking this an excellent time to inquire into it for my personal satisfaction I entered.

I was met by an old man with long white hair and beard, wearing a robe bespangled with stars, moons and crescents; indeed, he looked as if he were of another world. He escorted me into a room, which, when I entered, was dark, but presently was flooded with light in many and varied colors playing upon the furniture and decorations. The decorations reminded one of the decorations of the temples of the Pharaohs and Herods of the East. They consisted mostly of draperies of red, hanging in deep folds from the ceilings and walls. The furniture consisted of only three pieces, a table and two chairs. One of the chairs he offered me, while he took the other on the opposite side of the table. Up to this time few remarks had been passed, merely a very graceful and dignified meeting and entrance to the room. But after being seated, he turned on me with the question:

"What do you wish to know, my strange friend?"

Being somewhat shocked at the weirdness of his voice I did not answer for a few moments, and while I was thinking, my mind seemed to wander. Finally, by some chance, the strange color of the draperies blended with a sudden ray of light, and turned everything a dark pink. It seemed familiar, the word "pink," and suddenly I remembered one of my classmates whose name was Pink. Grasping this thought, I replied:

"If possible, I should like to know the whereabouts of my old friends and classmates of nineteen hundred sixteen."

I was directed to look into the sphere, while he, at the same time, gazed at it with a fixed stare. It seemed years of silence, before the old man spoke, and even then my vision was cloudy and I followed his words rather than his crystal. Softly, weirdly, he drew the pictures forth:

"Those you inquire of are all alive. The last time you were together was on graduation day, since then you have been widely separated. In the Museum of Fine Arts, you will find a country scene, the work of Mary Miller, who has, by patient labor, become one of America's foremost painters and illustrators. The crystal is crowded, I see a large theatre, throngs of people awaiting the entrance of the performer; the lights on the stage brighten, and with a flash, the curtain rises and the famous pianist, Christine Campbell, enters. She is playing a Sonata and the silence of a New York audience testifies to her wonderful power."

Even my eyes could see the splendor of the scene slowly fade and give rise to one equally wonderful — a magnificent estate in the Valley of Virginia. The old man spoke:

"Yes, it is your classmate, Olive Bradley, living in supreme happiness with her

brunette." The rulers of the world are the home keepers, I thought. The valley broadened, a building came in view. "The University of Virginia has become a Co-Ed school. At the head of the ladies' department is Cleo Miller, who is making a great success guiding and teaching the young ladies," the crystal gazer explained. "Now look for yourself," he urged. I saw a man surrounded by apparatus, chemicals, coils and wires, in Edison's great electrical plant in New Jersey. He seemed to be one of the foremost electricians of the world, for he was working on the final touches of a radio submarine, and presently I recognized Dalton Pittman. Closely associated with him was William Buracker, who had just recently been appointed Head of the Naval Experiments of the United States.

The next had to be interpreted for me. I heard with surprise that the standing army in the United States had been raised to four hundred thousand, and at the head of the commissary department was Guy Miller, who was startling the world by his new plan for the conservation of provisions. He has a home at present in Washington—

"In the same city," the monotonous voice went on, "at the Head of the Department of Agriculture, you will find Leo Hoak, who by his wonderful demonstrations of intensive farming, is revolutionizing farming in the United States." Carefully, breathlessly, I followed his next words for I saw the familiar face of my old chum appear. "I see James Batman, who, after graduating in Chemical Engineering at the University of Virginia, has worked himself up to be the Head of the Society of Bacteriologists and Chemists of the United States Government."

By this time I had the queerest sensation, a feeling as if the world had flown off into space, then suddenly I struck something. Upon awaking, I found my book had fallen to the floor, and it was then that I realized I had had a most marvelous dream. I say marvelous, because weeks afterwards, having inquired particularly, I found with but few exceptions, that what I had dreamed was true. And since that time, I have been more inclined to believe in the significance of dreams, although I am not a dreamer.

—CLASS PROPHET

Class Will



EALIZING the uncertainty of our stay in this glorious realm and sometimes the unexpectedness of our departure from this High School, we, the Class of 1916, in sound mind and judgment, do hereby make our last will and testament, to be carried into effect the day after our departure.

My clients wish me to state that, owing to a lightness in the head, caused by its gradual swelling during the last four years, and a heaviness in the heart and other organs, caused by the thoughts of parting and over-feasting respectively, they may have been mistaken in their inventory, but such as they think they have, they give to you, praying that you may not believe that it is only because they cannot keep her goods that they are generous.

We, the Class of 1916, being about to leave this sphere, do direct that our funeral services shall be conducted by our friends and well-wishers, the faculty, only enjoining that our funeral be carried on with the dignity and pomp our situation in the school has merited.

As to such estates as it has pleased the fates and our own strong arms to give us, we do dispose of the same as follows, viz.:

ITEM 1: To the faculty in general we give, of our own free will, our remembrance of their faithful work and encouraging words during the past years.

ITEM 2: We give and bequeath to our respected superintendent a twig of forget-me-nots, so that when teachers are needed, the Class of 1916 may be remembered.

ITEM 3: We give and bequeath to our beloved principal, Mr. Hite, the care of the Seniors of 1916-17. We do not think it necessary to will him a charge of dynamite, to awaken this care-free class to a due sense of its new responsibilities and its dignified position.

ITEM 4: To Miss Compton, a new Senior class, so that she may abolish her favorite expression, "Watch your sentence structure."

ITEM 5: We give and bequeath to our beloved and cherished English teacher, Miss Bessie Campbell, all the wealth of love and blessings she may want. She seems to be able to get everything else unaided.

ITEM 6: To Miss Koontz we will our success and happiness, on condition that the class of 1916 receive an invitation to help "tie the knot."

ITEM 7: To Miss Pattie, our History teacher, we will a box of *dates*.

ITEM 8: We give to the Freshman class the following advice, accepting which, will lead them to glory: Copy 1916.

Learn to work if not to win; development comes sooner through bearing failures than successes. It isn't fun, but still, look at 1916 and be encouraged.

ITEM 9: To the Sophomores we will a home room of sufficient size and grandeur to make up for the three years of idle wandering which fate has allotted to them. In this may they spend the rest of their High School days in quiet and content.

ITEM 10: To the Junior class, we leave the Senior seats in chapel of the old L. H. S. Your thought should be to regulate your conduct and realize that you are now dignified Seniors. We trust and hope you will follow the example of this honorable class, and in turn set a good example to those who follow you as Juniors.

ITEM 11: To the Board of Trustees we leave a full bank account and we also leave to them the privilege of seeing that all debts pertaining to the new school buildings be paid.

ITEM 12: To Newt, our janitor, we will a new broom and we give him the sole right, on rainy days, to place a sign on the outside of the school door, reading, "Ladies and Gentlemen, please remove your rubbers."

ITEM 13: To the Literary Society we bequeath subjects both used and to be found for debates, as the fair and proud debaters wax brilliant upon such occasions.

ITEM 14: We will and bequeath to the Athletic Association a glove having magic power which will win for them many victories. We will to them a racquet which will not only assist the tennis players, but will also aid the Principal in keeping order.

Signed, CLEO MILLER, Executor of Will.



Junior Class

Motto: Age quod agis

Color: Green and White

Flower: White Carnation

<i>President</i>	CARL JENKINS
<i>Vice President</i>	MARTHA STRICKLER
<i>Secretary</i>	GLADYS BRADLEY
<i>Treasurer</i>	GLADYS BRADLEY

JUNIOR ROLL

BRADLEY, GLADYS
JENKINS, CARL

HOOK, NELLIE
COOK, IMOGEN

CALLAN, EDITH
STRICKLER, MARTHA

NS
ER
EY
EY
HA

JUNIOR CLASS





Raggle Haggle, Hoopse Haggle,
Sis, Boom, Bah!
Let her roar, Sophomore!
Rah! Rah! Rah!

Sophomore

Motto: Labor omnia vincit

Color: Maroon and White *Flower:* Jacqueminot Rose

President ALBERT SHERMAN

Vice President EDWARD LAUCK

Secretary and Treasurer MERLE LUCAS

SOPHOMORE CLASS ROLL

BROYLES, PAUL	STRICKLER, MONROE	HUDSON, ANNIE
BATMAN, CONNOR	SHERMAN, ALBERT	HUFFMAN, IRENE
HUFFMAN, GUY	SMITH, HARRY	KELLER, NINA
KENDRICK, RAYMOND	SHEFK, RAY	LUCAS, MERLE
LAUCK, EDWARD	BERRY, KEIGHTLEY	SHERMAN, MARY
ROTHGEB, ROBERT	HENRY, CORNEAL	SPITLER, HILDA
DOFFLEMAYER, GENEVA		WEAVER, IRMA



SOPHOMORE CLASS



Freshman

Motto: At the foothills climb

Colors: Blue and White

Flower: Violet

<i>President</i>	Gladys Brubaker
<i>Vice President</i>	Ruth Showalter
<i>Secretary</i>	Grace Printz
<i>Treasurer</i>	Mary Long

Tutti Frutti,
Punch and Judy;
Blue and White
Will do their duty.
Don't you worry,
Don't you fret,
Blue and White
Will get there yet!

FRESHMAN CLASS

AMISS, THOMAS	BRUBAKER, LOUISE
BURACKER, JOSEPH	LONG, MARY
HERSHBERGER, HARPER	MENEFEY, MABEL
LEHEW, CECIL	PRINTZ, GRACE
MODISETT, LAWRENCE	RUFFNER, EDNA
SHENK, LINDEN	SHENK, ELMIRA
STRICKLER, LEO	SHOWALTER, RUTH
BRADLEY, MARY	SPITLER, NELLIE
BRUBAKER, GLADYS	SPITLER, NELLIE M.

KER
TER
TZ
ONG

FRESHMAN CLASS





Sub-Freshman

Motto: Procedite

Color: Blue and Gold

Flower: Golden Aster

<i>President</i>FRED F. COOK
<i>Vice President</i>	JAMES DOWNING
<i>Secretary and Treasurer</i>	VIRGINIA LONG

Rick-a-racket
Rick-a-racket,
Sis, boom, bah!
Sub-Freshman, Sub-Freshman,
Rah! Rah! Rah!

EIGHTH GRADE

Barbee, Randolph	Rothgeb, Bruce	Fitch, Lois
Bywaters, Earl	Rothgeb, Dee	Holmes, Angie
Brumback, Edward	Rothgeb, Russell	Holmes, Louise
Cook, Fred	Shandelson, Louis	Holtzman, Margaret
Dadisman, Allen	Shenk, Linsey	Huffman, Virginia
Downing, James	Shenk, Orion	Judd, Helen
Hershberger, Frank	Spitler, Vincent	Judd, Linda
Huffman, Benton	Strickler, Elmer	Long, Virginia
Leedy, John	Tharpe, Lester	Nichols, Carrie
Lehew, Clarence	Varner, Samuel	Nichols, Ruth
Lauck, Grayson	Vogt, Willie	Shenk, Meta
Lucas, Ralph	Yates, Warfield	Smoot, Grace
McKay, William	Bradley, Grace	Stomback, Zada
Moore, Lynn	Barbee, Loreta	Strickler, Elsie

Sub-FRESHMAN PICTURE





Seventh Grade

Motto: To the stars through difficulties

Color: Old Rose and White

Flower: Cosmos

<i>President</i>	LELAND PITTMAN
<i>Vice President</i>	LESLIE THARPE
<i>Secretary</i>	LAURA EDMISTON
<i>Treasurer</i>	MARGARET CAMPBELL

SEVENTH GRADE

Buracker, Edward	Showalter, Karl	Dofflemyer, Genevieve
Burner, Raymond	Short, Lorenzo	Edmiston, Laura
Duncan, Guy	Strickler, Paul	Judd, Creta
Holtzman, Harper	Tharpe, Leslie	Mauck, Viola
Huffman, Kenneth	Amiss, Ruth	Rothgeb, Rita
Miller, Isaac	Campbell, Margaret	Shandelson, Bessie
Pittman, Leland	Comer, Geneva	Shenk, Alma
Rhodes, Earl	Comer, Iva	Shenk, Margaret
Shenk, Martha	Henry, Beatrice	



Sixth Grade

Motto: No such word as fail

Color: Red and White

Flower: Red Rose

President DOUGLAS MIMS
Vice President THOMAS BOOTON
Secretary and Treasurer MAE PIERCE

age 13

SIXTH GRADE

Bolen, Ralph	Rothgeb, Maynard	Keyes, Mary
Booton, Thomas	Ruffner, Jacob	Kibler, Helen
Brumback, Benton	Sigler, Clinton	Leedy, Lillian
Cave, James	Smith, Charles	Lehew, Dora
Callan, Carroll	Snapp, Leo	Menefee, Catherine
Clark, Stephen	Steed, Harvey	McKim, Elizabeth
Fitch, William	Spitler, Frank	Pierce, Annie
Henry, Ralph	Beach, Margaret	Pierce, Mae
Henry, Rhoderick	Butler, Rachel	Printz, Sadie
Hitt, Edward	Campbell, Viola	Rogers, Creta
Irwin, Louis	Comer, Frieda	Roller, Dorothy
Lawler, Linzy	Griffith, Ophelia	Rothgeb, Vivian
Mims, Douglas	Grove, Lillian	Smith, Dorothy
McNealy, Willard	Henry, Virginia	Tharpe, Louise



Fifth Grade

Motto: Strive and Win

Colors: Orange and White

Flower: Goldenrod

<i>President</i>	GERRY BRADLEY
<i>Vice President</i>	ELIZABETH DOWNING

FIFTH GRADE

Berry, James	Moyer, Frank	Grove, Evelyn
Berry, Vernon	Rothgeb, Edwin	Grove, Ruth
Bolen, Franklin	Rothgeb, Lee	Huffman, Lila
Bradley, Garry	Rothgeb, Mark	Irwin, Daisy
Butler, Edgar	Phillips, Theodore	Jefferson, Pearl
Campbell, Cecil	Shenk, Clyde	Judd, Bernice
Campbell, Weston	Judd, James	Lucas, Virginia
Chapman, Charlie	Bolen, Catherine	Miller, Lucille
Clem, William	Booton, Heiskell	Pittman, Virginia
Cook, Ashby	Broyles, Frances	Puffenberger, Mozelda
Crim, James	Bumgardner, V.	Racer, Catherine
Dennis, Fred	Campbell, Henrietta	Ruffner, Margaret
Duncan, Lynn	Clem, Lena	Rothgeb, Vera
Hershberger, Lloyd	Crim, Virginia	Shenk, Letha
Keyser, Robert	Darnell, Mary	Shenk, Helen
Mauck, Buford	Dosh, Mabel	Shenk, Beulas
Miller, Glenn	Downing, Elizabeth	Sours, Gladys
Miller, John	Finter, Nora	Stomback, Mayme
		Strickler, Bernice

Rosalind, Beware, Your Uncle Knows Your Whereabouts

ROSALIND, Beware, Your Uncle Knows Your Whereabouts," was the first thing the two travelers saw when they entered the Forest of Arden. Rosalind was banished from the court by her uncle; and Celia, the Duke's daughter, because of her great love for her cousin, went with her. Rosalind disguised as a shepherd and Celia as a shepherdess went to this forest in search of Rosalind's father, who had been driven from his dominions by Celia's father, Duke Frederick, brother and usurper of the throne.

Rosalind and Celia attended a wrestling match between the Duke's wrestler, Charles, and a young man, known as Orlando. This match had been arranged by Orlando's elder brother, Oliver, because Orlando was gaining greater admiration from the world than he. When these ladies arrived at the place where the match was to take place, both entreated the young man not to wrestle with Charles, but he refused their request; the match began and as it progressed, Orlando got the better of Charles, and completely conquered him.

When the fight was over, Rosalind and Celia went forward and spoke very encouraging words to Orlando, and when they left him, Rosalind took a chain from her neck and gave it to him as a present for his success.

The Duke was very much pleased with the courage and skill shown by this stranger; and desired to know his name and parentage. He said his name was Orlando and that he was the youngest son of Sir Rowland de Boys.

Sir Rowland de Boys had been dead some years, but he had been a true friend and follower of the banished Duke. When Frederick heard Orlando was the son of his brother's friend, his admiration was changed to displeasure, and he was sent from the court. While Celia and Rosalind were talking of Orlando, Frederick entered the room and ordered Rosalind instantly to leave the palace and follow her father into banishment. Celia entreated her father to let Rosalind remain with her, but he would not; so she resolved to go with Rosalind to seek her father. Celia thought it unsafe for two young ladies to travel in handsome clothes; so she proposed that they should disguise themselves, Rosalind as a shepherd, and Celia as a shepherdess.

When they entered the forest, they saw carved on a tree, "Rosalind, Beware, Your Uncle Knows Your Whereabouts." These words had been carved there by Le Beau, a courtier in Frederick's Court. He overheard the young ladies planning to go to the Forest of Arden, and as he was deeply in love with Celia, he told Duke Frederick and then went to the forest and carved the warning on the tree before they reached there, believing it would frighten them and cause them to return to the palace or, at least, Celia.

When Frederick found they were gone and realized where they expected to go, he sent out spies to look for them, but they, in the meantime, had bought a shepherd's cottage and were so completely disguised, having had this warning by the carving on the tree, that they were able to elude their pursuers.

When Orlando reached home after the wrestling match, Oliver was so enraged because Orlando had won that he swore he would burn him while he slept. Adam, an old servant of their father's, heard Oliver plotting against Orlando, so he told him, and offered to go with him wherever he wanted to go. Having traveled together for a long distance, they reached the Forest of Arden, and Adam was very weak for want of food. Orlando took him up in his arms and carried him under some trees, until he went in search of food. Orlando came upon the banished duke and his fol-

lowers as they were about to sit down to eat. As hunger had made him desperate, he drew his sword as if to take the food by force, but the duke told him he was welcome to all they had. While they were eating the duke inquired who Orlando was; when he found he was the son of his old friend, he had Orlando and his servant to live in the forest with him.

Orlando came to the forest several days after the two young ladies had bought the cottage; he saw them often, but did not recognize them in their disguise. They were surprised to find the name of Rosalind carved on the trees, and love sonnets fastened to them; and while they were wondering about this, they met Orlando and saw the chain which Rosalind had given him.

The young shepherd spoke to Orlando about the carving and love verses on the trees, and said he would give the lover some good counsel if he could find him. Orlando confessed that he was the fond lover and consented to visit the cottage for his lessons. He went every day and finally the shepherd (Rosalind) promised to have Rosalind present on a certain day if he consented to marry her. This he consented to do. She quickly changed her shepherd dress for the one she had worn when he first saw her. Rosalind's father was quickly summoned and consented to the marriage.

Oliver repented of his hatred, followed his brother, and arrived in time to fall in love with Celia, while her father hastened to bring her back to the palace. He repented and sent for the banished duke to return and occupy the throne.

—G. GUY MILLER



To the End of the Road

MARGARET GREY, a slender girl in black, with quiet brown eyes, and a trifle pale, due perhaps to weariness, sat alone by the car window watching the big panting engine, climbing a curve, which her time-table told her had so nearly come to the end of the road.

Outside the car window was the beautiful picture of New England sky and mountains, but Margaret took no notice of this. Her thoughts were of a square-cut, determined face, tweed-clad boy, with black brows beneath which twinkled two mischievous black eyes. This was Margaret's memory of her brother Jack who had been sent away to be educated, when she was four years old. Something that her mother called letters took his place, and after she became older, she, too, would call them letters and look forward with pleasure for the "English Mail."

At twelve, Margaret's mother died and she took up the task of keeping house for her father. He, too, died five years later, leaving her with relatives. But Margaret longed for her brother. All she knew of him was gleaned from letters and occasional snapshots. Of course she had a mental picture of him obtained from the camera pictures, the descriptions of his vacations spent at Cousin Harriett's, his school life, and the fellows he knew.

Now as the train climbed higher, bringing her nearer and nearer to the end of the road, to Cousin Harriett's, and to Jack, Margaret wondered whether her brother would like her. He was such a stranger to her, but as a child of four she remembered passionately adoring him. She knew when a girl grew up with her brother each took the other as a matter of course, learning one another's ways, but coming suddenly on each other like this — she prayed he would love her, for she felt so lonely in the world.

As the train was twenty hours late, she wondered if Jack were free from his examination which prevented him from meeting her on the road; she fancied him hurrying to the station, and standing on the platform waiting to greet her.

Sunset was already on the hills. Margaret leaned forward to look out when suddenly the train shuddered, recoiled, rocked wildly, and rolled down the bank.

When Margaret became conscious her first thought was, "Now I shall not get there for another hour." She stretched carefully and decided that she was not hurt. Was anybody hurt? She tried to get out but found herself pinned beneath the wreck. Near her, a little child lay crying.

"Are you hurt?" Margaret asked.

The child did not answer, so Margaret told it they would play a game. They were in fairy-land, and were princesses imprisoned by a magician.

"Are we in prison now?" asked the child.

"Yes, indeed!" Margaret said cheerfully. "You cannot turn over because the magician will not let you, not yet. But the good fairies will get us out."

"Just listen."

"Anybody down there?" called a ringing voice.

"Two," answered Margaret.

"We are not hurt, but cannot get out."

While wood splintered under the blows of an ax, Margaret and the child kept up their game. They both forgot their cramped position and did not notice how the minutes passed until a space opened and a sun-tanned young face appeared and a hand reached down to her.

"The little girl first," called Margaret.

The face bent lower, and the black eyes peered keenly under the wreckage until he spied the child, then very carefully and slowly the child was lifted out and given to the thankful mother.

Again the dark young face bent down to Margaret. She started to rise, but felt herself swung up in strong arms and placed upon solid ground once more, in a land of flickering lanterns and dim-lit faces. She started to walk, but found she was too stiff, and seating herself by the roadside her eyes followed an active figure that ranged in and out among the crowd. There were other active figures, but Margaret saw only one; he was so strong, so splendid, just what she would like Jack to be.

While thus she sat eating a sandwich, he suddenly came to her. She offered him a sandwich which he accepted with thanks.

"How far do you go?"

"To the end of the road," replied Margaret.

"Then we must get one of these autos. They're going to motor us in."

He placed her in the automobile and gave her the suitcase which he had found in the wreckage.

"Keep the seat for me, will you?"

He darted away and Margaret wished that her brother, whom she loved so much, would be that kind and polite when she met him—would she never get to him? A minute later he was back, holding a man's coat up to her.

"Better put it on. You will get cold riding."

Margaret put on the coat, he snapped the door shut, and the car started.

While the car sped along, the boy and girl sat silent. At last the boy began talking of the wreck.

"My sister went through yesterday, and I didn't want anything to interfere with my getting on quickly. I want to see her so much. What were you telling that kid?"

"Fairy stories," said Margaret, softly.

"When I heard you talking it took me back to when I was a boy on the other side of the world."

"On the other—side—of—the—world?" Margaret gasped. "Why, that is where I learned them. Who are you? Oh, who are you?"

The voice that replied trembled.

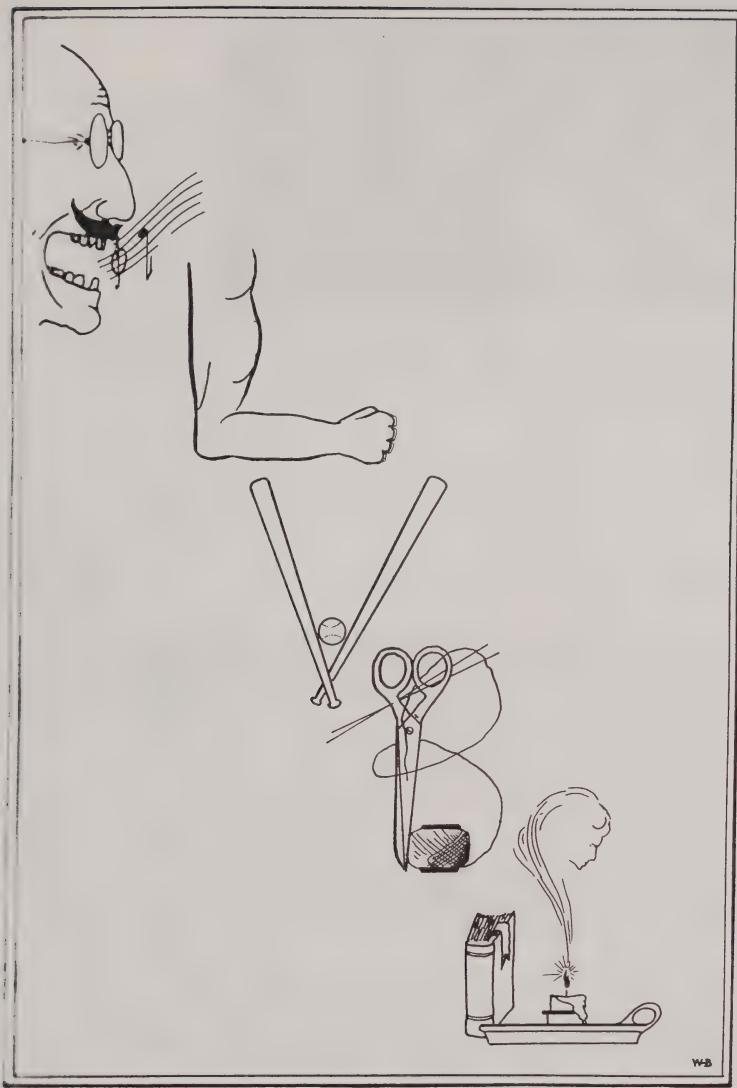
"Don't tell me you are my plucky little sister! Didn't she go through yesterday?"

But all Margaret could say was, "Jack!"

Margaret and Jack had not noticed that the car had stopped, and when the chauffeur announced that they had a flat tire and that he would have to have a pump from under the seat if they wished to push through to the end of the road by evening, they both sprang out.

"I don't have to push through," Margaret said happily, holding to her brother's arm, "I got there an hour ago."

NELLIE HOOK





Junior Improvement League

<i>President</i>	MONROE STRICKLER
<i>Vice President</i>	WM. H. BURACKER
<i>Secretary</i>	NELLIE HOOK
<i>Treasurer</i>	MARY MILLER

JUNIOR SCHOOL IMPROVEMENT LEAGUE



HE Junior Improvement League stands at the head of all clubs of the school. It was organized in 1910 and has accomplished much for our present success.

In its earlier years the work of the League was to create school spirit, and to assist financially and morally in all enterprises that stood for the upbuilding of the school.

Foremost among these enterprises is the Rally Day which the League made possible in 1913, and each succeeding year has forged a new link in its usefulness.

The purpose of the League today is not only to encourage school spirit, but also to try to teach the boys and girls in school to disown all acts of cheating and dishonesty, and to live up to a high moral code.

We believe in our school, we believe in the work of our League, and we know that by the co-operation of the League with its head master the problem of discipline can practically be abolished.

Already we see its influence among the pupils in the appreciation of our school, and we feel that this will manifest itself not only while we are within its walls, but that its teaching will follow us through life.



Literary Society

<i>President</i>	JAMES W. BATMAN
<i>Vice President</i>	DALTON PITTMAN
<i>Secretary and Treasurer</i>	IMOGEN COOK
<i>Reporter</i>	ALBERT SHERMAN

PROGRAM—JANUARY 29, 1916

Good Roads Day

Reading — <i>Governor's Proclamation</i>	By F. W. Berry, Jr.
Address	By Mr. Floyd Weaver
Reading — <i>Value of Good Roads to Rural Schools</i> ..	By Leo Strickler
Recitation — <i>Farmer Brown's Awakening</i>	By Pearl Jefferson
Piano Solo	By Laura Edmiston
Recitation — <i>The Road a Calf Made</i>	By Albert Sherman
Reading -- <i>What I Know About Good Roads</i> ..	By Nellie S. Spitler
Chorus	By School



Music Club

MISS MABEL HUDSON.....*Instructor*
MRS. C. J. HUDSON.....*Manager*

MEMBERS

Mary Bradley	Gladys Brubaker
Irma Weaver	Ruth Amiss
Bessie Shandelson	Vivian Rothgeb
Dorothy Roller	Virginia Pittman
Elizabeth McKim	Charles Chapman
Grace Printz	Charles Smith



Domestic Science Club

IMOGEN COOK.....	President
EDITH CALLAN.....	Secretary
MARTHA STRICKLER.....	Treasurer
Gladys Bradley	Nellie Hook
Carl Jenkins	Irma Weaver



Art Club

MARY M. MILLER.....*President*

Connor Batman

Frank Berry

Olive Bradley

William Buracker

Christine Campbell

Imogen Cook

Nellie Hook

Annie Hudson

Carl Jenkins

Cleo Miller

Louis Shandelson

Albert Sherman



A.B.S.



Athletic Association

President WM. H. BURACKER
Vice President EDWARD LAUCK
Secretary and Treasurer DALTON PITTMAN



TRACK TEAM

Fred Cook Guy Miller, *Captain*
Leo Strickler William McKay
Edward Lauck Raymond Kendrick
William Buracker



Baseball Team

<i>Manager</i>	F. W. BERRY, JR.
<i>Assistant Manager</i>	G. GUY MILLER
<i>Captain</i>	J. W. BATMAN

LINE-UP

Huffman.....	S. S.	Vogt.....	L. F.
Miller.....	R. F.	Strickler, M.....	P.
Smith.....	P.	Hudson.....	C. F.
Shenk.....	3B.	Batman.....	2B.
Buracker.....	P.	Kendrick.....	P.
Strickler, L.....	1B.	Berry.....	C.

ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION

ATHE Athletic Association was organized in the fall of 1913, as a means of promoting athletics in our school, and to assist in defraying the expenses of all the athletic activities of the same. It has accomplished its several aims admirably.

The Association has charge of the baseball, basket ball, tennis, and track teams, and under the guidance of its President, the work has flourished since its organization, always coming to the assistance of the several teams.

All the teams of the Association have acquitted themselves well on the fields. The baseball team has grown in the last few years to be the best in our vicinity. The basket ball team is composed of girls who have grit and fight like Trojans. The tennis and track teams have just been organized this year, but they bid fair to equal if not surpass the older teams of our school.

Basket Ball Teams



Imogen Cook, *Captain*
Mary Miller
Ruth Amiss
Gladys Bradley

Keightley Berry
Linda Judd
Mary Bradley
Annie Hudson

Cleo Miller
Ruth Nichols
Lois Fitch





Tennis Club

President F. W. BERRY, JR.
Vice President WM. H. BURACKER
Secretary and Treasurer ANNIE HUDSON

MEMBERS

Imogen Clark
Keightly Berry
Annie Hudson
Connor Batman

F. W. Berry
Wm. H. Buracker
Monroe Strickler
Edward Lauck



RALLY DAY



School Rally Day

THE Page County School Rally Day was the banner day of nineteen hundred and fifteen for crowds and county interest. Our school has had the pleasure of holding three of these days. The first one was a success in every way even to the feeding of the entire crowd upon the athletic grounds, and the first was only a hint as to the possibilities of the next.

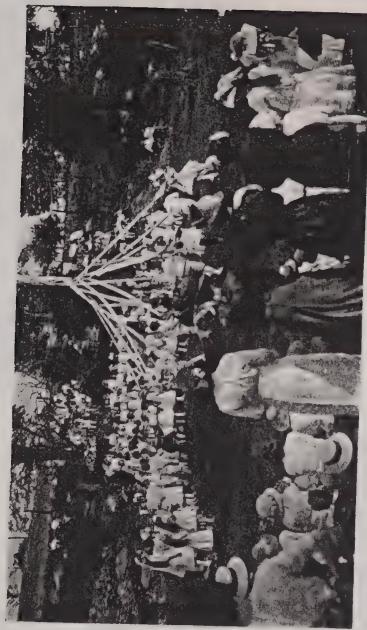
This year we began to see what this day means to our people and our educational cause, when two thousand school children in addition to the teachers, patrons, trustees, and out of town people marched in the parade. A gathering of this kind cannot help but be beneficial to all, as it creates in the children a patriotic love of the individual school, as well as a spirit of rivalry among the pupils of the different classes.

Every year we have had athletic events such as dashes, high jump, pole vault, half-mile run, etc. The merchants of the town have become so interested in the day that they willingly offer prizes to be given to the winners in all events.

Another thing that makes the day more interesting is the generosity of Mr. T. C. Northcott, the owner of the Caverns. Every year he has given free tickets to one boy and one girl from every school in the county. He is to be thanked not only for his interest in the school at this time, but for his love and financial assistance at all times.

Rally Day has merely had its beginning, and from the size of the beginning it will in the future be one of the days which will be looked forward to in school life, and by the people of the town and county with equal interest.

MAY DAY SCENES





FAMILIAR SCENES

Primary Department



MAYME MILES
First Grade



RITA ROLLER
Second Grade



JESSIE SPITLER
Third Grade



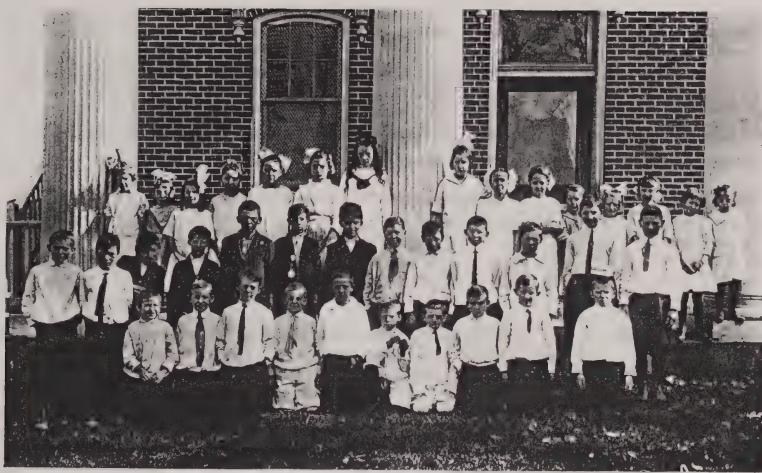
SARAH E. MAUCK
Fourth Grade



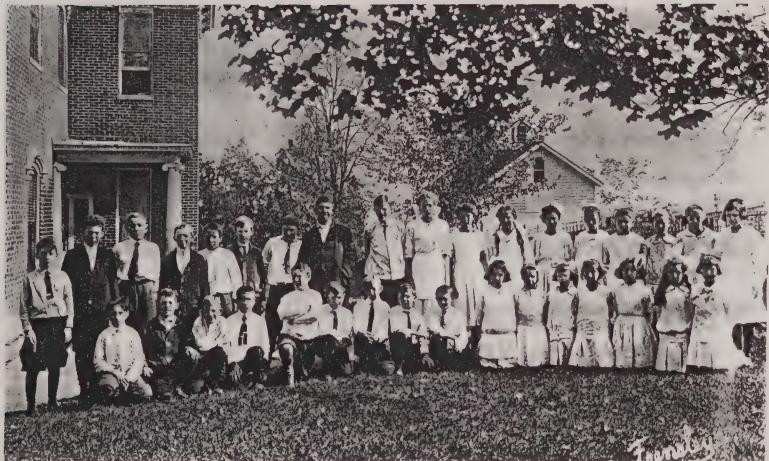
FIRST GRADE



SECOND GRADE



THIRD GRADE



FOURTH GRADE

Calendar for 1915-1916

- SEPTEMBER 7. In the tread mill again.
9. Rules and regulations reviewed.
16. Seniors take a botany walk.
20. After summer vacation cobwebs are being brushed from books and brains.
22. Athletic Association, Literary Society, and Junior School Improvement League organized under great difficulty.
27. Have school on Monday. Many zeros given.
- OCTOBER 2. Children will be children when a circus comes to town. Peanuts, popcorn, and red lemonade.
7. Camp-fire girls create a commotion by spending the week end at Spion Kop.
15. Seniors collect specimens of rare beauty on a botany walk, but the happy faces were moistened in tears as Willie B. got lost.
22. Very important! Preparations for Rally Day.
23. Rally Day is here. Gay colors and smiles abound.
30. Hallowe'en party at school.
- NOVEMBER 3. First introduction of the Highland to the school.
10. Seniors carry long faces all day.
12. School marches in a body to see the Agricultural train.
13. Joy! Holiday for Teachers' meeting.
16. Important! Annual staff chosen.
20. Much shouting. A weeks' holiday for Thanksgiving.
30. We again marched into the mill.
- DECEMBER 4. Members of the Literary Society settled for the nation the mighty question of preparedness.
5. Holiday! Teachers again congregate.
9. Baseball organization.
10. Seniors help to train primary classes for Christmas entertainments.
13. Cram, fume, and be sorry for examinations begin tomorrow.
16. Little John Booton is lost. Has any one seen him?
18. Christmas vacation! Joy!
- JANUARY 4. Dark gloomy day—Fun and feasting over. Olive B. only girl in Senior class.
14. Laboratory experiments by Seniors. Every one leaves class room.
18. First day of teaching. The Seniors shook from head to foot.
25. "Mary M., how do you like teaching?" "To be honest I am crazy about it."
- FEBRUARY 2. A very blustery day. The ground hog stayed at home.
9. Seniors receive the long-talked-about class pins.
10. The Annual sent to press.
14. Seniors are delightfully entertained by the Juniors.
19. The school presents Alice in Wonderland.
22. The school is very patriotic in honor of the Father of the Country. But this doesn't help to get us holiday.
29. Baseball practice begun.
- MARCH 3. Knowledge swept away by winds.
17. Seniors are in harmony with the color scheme. It's St. Patrick's.
- APRIL 1. The school board gives us holiday! April fool!
3. Seniors prepare for "As You Like It."
- MAY 2. Seniors are unusually happy. Teaching will soon be over.
19. James B. entertains the Senior Class.
21. The beginning of the end.

Alumni Officers



EMMET RANKIN
President



W. H. WRIGHT
Vice President



BETTIE MAE ARMSTRONG
Secretary

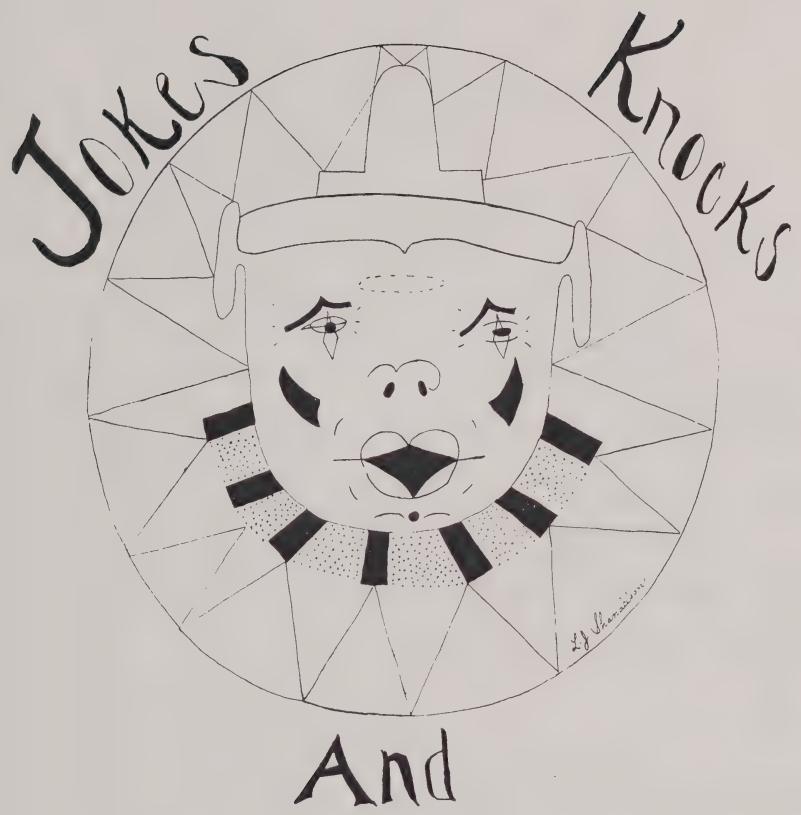


WARREN E. FRANK
Treasurer

Alumni Roster

- 1903 EMMET RANKIN, Washington and Lee, 3 years. General Manager of the Electric Plant. Luray, Va.
- 1904 W. E. FRANK, entered Roanoke College in 1904 and graduated in 1907. Taught school one session. Now Assistant Cashier of The First National Bank. Luray, Va.
R. F. BERRY, graduated Washington and Lee University, as LL.D., in 1908. Practiced law in Luray; member of firm of Leedy and Berry. Luray, Va.
- 1905 W. H. WRIGHT, Principal of Rileyville Graded School. Luray, Va.
D. F. GRIM. Taught school one year at Springwood, Va. Clerical position with DuPont Powder Co. City Point, Va.
- 1906 E. N. STIREWALT. Assistant Cashier of the Ford Motor Company at Washington, D. C. Washington, D. C.
- 1907 THOMAS T. BRADLEY. Taught school two sessions and now employed in the Norfolk & Western Railroad office, Roanoke, Va. Roanoke, Va.
XENIA R. HOLMES, the first girl graduate of Luray High School. Graduate of the Harrisonburg State Normal School. Taught school four years. Has been Assistant Principal in several prominent high schools of Rockingham County. Harrisonburg, Va.
- 1908 MISS PEARL CRIM. Taught school one year at Honeyville, Va. Bookkeeper in G. MacD. Crims' store, Luray, Va.
- 1909 GRADY BRADLEY. Clerking in a store 440 Mechanic St. Hagerstown, Md.
- KATHRYN KIBLER. Taught school one session. Luray, Va.
- 1910 WHARTON A. NICHOLS. Taught school one session. Now employed on Nichols' farm. Luray, Va.
- 1910 OSCAR J. MILLER. Taught school one session. Salesman in store of Mr. J. K. Matthews, Bentonville, Va.
- KIRBY O. HEISTON. Taught school one session. Employed in Heiston-Miller Co. planing mill. Luray, Va.
- JOSIE NICHOLS (Mrs. R. E. Mims). Taught school two sessions. Manassas, Va.
- ELIZABETH BERRY, Luray, Va.
- OLGA HOLMES. Taught school four years in the schools of Rockingham. Specializing in High School English and History. She has written poems, articles, and short stories for educational and other magazines. Now Assistant Principal in Keezletown High School. Keezletown, Va.
- 1911 M. J. MENEFEE. Taught school one session. Traveling salesman for a lumber company. Luray, Va.
- SAMUEL W. IRWIN. Assistant Manager of the Carpet Department in The Julius Transburgh Furniture and Carpet Company, and during spare time a Landscape Architect. Member of Columbia Lodge No. 3, A. A. M. Member of an English Society. Washington, D. C.
- C. T. HOLTZMAN, JR. Received a B.S. degree in Civil Engineering from Virginia Military Institute in 1915. Now attached to the Engineering Dept. of the Camp O. R. R. Huntington, W. Va.
- MARGARET YOUNG. Taught school one session. Student of Ann Arbor University. Ann Arbor, Mich.
- VIOLA HOLMES. Teaching school. Luray, Va.
- 1912 RAY G. ROTHGEB. Bookkeeper and Clerk for Page Milling Company. Luray, Va.

- ERNEST B. HAMRICK. Clerk, Auditing Dept. N. & W. Ry. General Offices. Roanoke, Va.
- RITA ROLLER. Teaching in the Luray High School. Luray, Va.
- IVA V. ROTHGEB. Teaching school. Amissville, Va.
- HELEN MIMS (Mrs. Ferdinand Zirkle). Taught school for two sessions. Luray, Va.
- GRACE BRADLEY. Teaching school. Flint Hill, Va.
- JESSIE H. SPITLER. Graduate from Normal School at Farmville, Va., in June, 1915. Now teaching in Luray High School. Luray, Va.
- 1913 CHARLES D. PRICE. Attended the University of Virginia for three months. Was called home on account of sickness. Now a farmer. Stanley, Va.
- RAY KOONTZ. Student of Virginia Polytechnic Institute. Blacksburg, Va.
- GUY ROTHGER. Commissioner of Deeds of the City of New York, and a student of the Merchants' and Bankers' Business School. New York City, N. Y.
- HUBERT STRICKLER. Bookkeeper at the First National Bank. Luray, Va.
- BETTIE ARMSTRONG. Bookkeeper in an insurance office. Baltimore, Md.
- BERTIE PRINTZ. Teaching school. Luray, Va.
- LOUISE MOORE. Teaching school at Rileyville. Luray, Va.
- ANNA R. SPITLER. Graduated from State Normal School at Farmville, Va., June, 1915. Teaching in Teas High School, Smyth County. Luray, Va.
- MAY ROTHGER. Teaching school at Castleton, Va. Castleton, Va.
- 1914 GROVE SPITLER. Pursuing Junior Work in Dentistry at Medical College of Virginia. Richmond, Va.
- CARROLL BEACH. Student of Roanoke College, Salem, Va.
- CARROLL DODSON. Student of the University of Virginia, Charlottesville, Va.
- LYNN H. BRUMBACK. Student of the University of Virginia. Charlottesville, Va.
- MARY STRICKLER. Teaching school. Luray, Va.
- HILDA CRIM. Teaching school. Castleton, Va.
- RUTH CALLAN. Teaching school. Nokesville, Va.
- BEULAH CRIGLER. Student of R. M. W. C. Lynchburg, Va.
- LOUEASE WEAVER. Student of R. M. W. C. Lynchburg, Va.
- CATHERIN NICHOLS. Teaching school. Luray, Va.
- MATTIE KEYSER. Student at Elon College. Elon College, N. C.
- FLORA DOVEL. Teaching school. Luray, Va.
- IVA MENEFEE. Teaching school. Luray, Va.
- 1915 OBER HUDSON. Clerk in H. V. Hudson & Sons' store. Luray, Va.
- ROSS ROTHGEB. Engineer at the Elon College Power House, and student at Elon College. Elon College, N. C.
- RUTH BRADLEY. Luray, Va.
- FLORENCE BROYLES. Teaching school at Ida. Luray, Va.
- MAMIE NICHOLS. Luray, Va.



Jokes and Grinds

Science Teacher: "Why do women go shopping in the day time?"
D.: "Because their husbands are not at home."

Teacher: "Why do you use a chimney on a lamp?"

C. C.: "To keep it from smoking."

D.: "I think I shall get a chimney and stop."

C. C.: "Why do we have to do all this studying?"

Olive B.: "It will enable us to enjoy the beauties of heaven more."

D.: "How was Babylon lighted?"

"It was lighted with electricity."

Teacher: "Give me a sentence using the word 'income'."

Edward H.: "I opened the door and income a cat."

Teacher: "Did Columbus know he had discovered America?"

C. C.: "No, he didn't know it until after he was dead."

Teacher: "How many motions has the earth?"

Sixth Grade: "It has four, but the only one known is revolution."

In naming the countries of Central America, one of the Sixth Grade pupils named Jehovah.

W. B.: "Montcalm was killed, and exclaimed he was so glad he did not live to see the surrender of Quebec."

Science Teacher: "Give me an explanation of a lever."

D.: "Very good one, I think, is to take your girl up the street and leave her."

Teacher: "What is one of the most important uses of compressed air?"

W. V.: "In deep minds it is sent down to clear brains."

There was once a little girl who asked Professor Hite for permission to go to Grove's calf (café).

Teacher (to a dull boy of the class): "Which New England state has two capitals?"

Boy: "New Hampshire."

Teacher: "Indeed! Name them."

Boy: "Capital N and Capital H."

Teacher: "Name some of the poets of the nineteenth century."

W. V.: "Bryant, Whittier, Longfellow, etc., are the ones that wrote then and are still writing."

Once a doting father, on the return of his daughter and son from school, inquired of their progress in Psychology. The son replied: "I didn't miss any because no questions were asked me. Sister only missed one, because only one was asked her."

Miss P. was having the American History Class:

"John, when did Columbus discover America?"

"I—I don't know."

"You don't? When did he, class?"

"Fourteen-ninety-two," they all cried.

"Oh, I thought that was his phone number," remarked John.

Teacher: "What string instrument is tuned like a piano?"

Country Boy (in Senior Class): "The trombone."

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Do you believe in our schools? Do you believe in our class? Do you believe in our Annual? If so, patronize those business men of our town who have made possible this Annual and will make possible all others.

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| 2. Page Valley National Bank | 10. Grove Bros. & Cary |
| 3. First National Bank | 11. B. F. Batman |
| 4. Luray Orchard Company | 12. G. P. Roller & Son |
| 5. The Deford Company | 13. The Frensley Studio |
| 6. J. Y. Mason & Co. | 14. D. L. Kaufman |
| 7. Grove & McKay | 15. A. W. McKim & Son |
| 8. G. T. Chapman & Son | 16. Luray Summer Normal School |

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2. Dr. J. L. Spitler
3. Virgil Hammer, M.D.
4. Dr. Lloyd K. Spitler
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6. Walton & Bro.
7. R. S. Parks

The Beautiful Caverns of Luray, Virginia

A world wonder. Nearly three miles of subterranean splendor. About one and one-half miles of good walks, lighted by electricity—no other known cave that is lighted by electric lamps is more than one-third as large.

Descriptive and illustrated booklets free upon application. Residents of Virginia are urged to get these books and mail to distant friends. Tell people about our beautiful valley and its unrivalled wonder.

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Capital and Surplus

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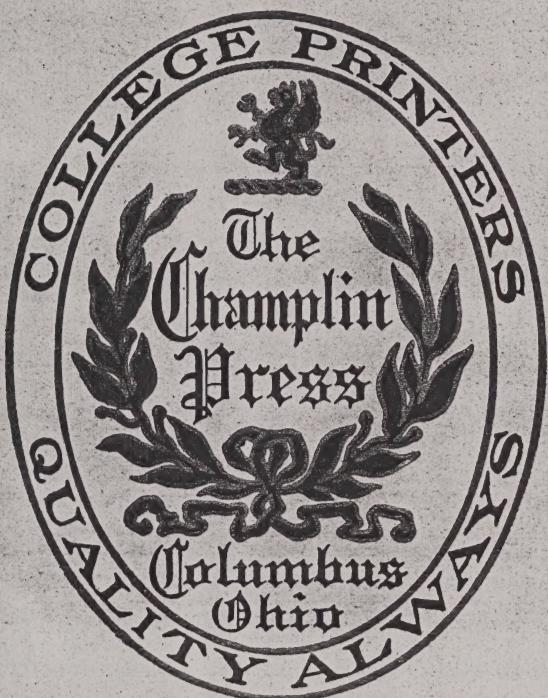


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